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Michael Edward Boutot

THE 12/21/2012 SONG (to: Only the good die young)

Here comes the mania, what will be our fate?

The future whirls about that one key date

Oh is it our end? Such is the big debate

That number is twelve twenty-one...

Well, the mayan clock ticks on towards that day

T'aint nowhere to run; can't get away

Is the anti-christ coming to us poor folk sway?

Hey, humans have had a pretty long run

Is that the day we're all done?

Will we all be dead?

Is that the day we're all done?

Is that the day we're all done?

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ONE WAY TO MEET YOUR HERO AT THE ALAMO

by Michael Edward Boutot on Saturday, June 12, 2010 at 8:09pm · 

Earl "Davy" Maxwell fussed with the uniform yet again. It had an authentic look but the dirt itched. Too bad it was critical to have said dirt on it to fit in with those who had marched hundreds of desert miles. Still, a scientist like himself hated having any contamination around. He stopped at that thought. Was he himself going to become "contamination" by going through with this? For the thousandth time he overruled that worry. He brushed his hand through his long, flowing hair that unfortunately had had to cut back some. He was long and lean but then he had to be. His appearance had become his identity and his destiny. The time was nigh to see that destiny through.

Ever since Maxwell had read José Enrique de la Peña's tale of a legend's sad end it had not rung true for him. Such a surrender can not have occurred. Thanks to the T-wave device decades in the development the truth would be known. The truth would be seen in person. Maxwell tried to focus on thinking in Spanish. While quite fluent in the spoken language this was still a challenge. Any slip up could be fatal though his fall-back plan seemed solid. Never can be sure you won't freeze up so better to not have to rely on it. All the power checks came through positive so there was no need for further delay.

Even before his first trip to the hallowed ground he knew every corner from reading and maps. His heaven was in San Antonio/Bexar. Maxwell had the look. He worked to expand his innate abilities as a woodsman. It went far beyond merely playing cowboys and Indians like his fellow children. Even when not wearing his coonskin cap the nickname "Davy" was sometimes all he responded to. The legend had enveloped his life. Maxwell allowed his parents to push him into science as a career only because he had to make money to allow his body to live. The inner soul was spoken for. His scientific bent paid off when he encountered the T-wave. Time, it turns out, has a wave structure like light. The machinery needed to generate the wave could be quite compact. Years of refining the first lucky discovery of this now would pay off. 1836 would come again.

As Gaona's men were strung out all along the march to Bexar that was the best group to "join". Not so much a uniform but similar clothing and weapons were enough along with a lot of dirt all over. A lot of dirt. Few of his friends would have recognized him under all of it, he mused as he looked in the mirror. Just as well. The time to activate the T-wave was nigh. 3/4/1836 was the target day to allow for acclimatizing. The mobile lab (could not travel in distance – only time so had to be at the desired location) was Maxwell's alone for the weekend though the return T-wave coordinate was for 1 hour from "now" in 2008. How long he was at the Alamo in 1836 would not matter.

The button was pushed. There was little disorientation in the process which was surprising. What was more surprising was arriving in the middle of battle. He had obviously arrived on the 6th; not the 4th and after 5 AM! The mobile lab had been parked a few hundred feet from the front of the Alamo. He knew the breakthrough occurred to the north so Maxwell hurried around to that side. Officers were yelling wildly and men were dying in quantity. Maxwell followed other Mexican soldiers up Jameson's unfortunate timber redoubt next to the wall which lead into the Alamo. A wild killing field came into view. Off by the palisade he saw his goal. A tall man in a buckskin coat with a round cap was firing away with multiple guns by dropping 1 once used and grabbing another. He and his fellows had clearly killed many inside & outside their area but things were out of control. A Mexican lieutenant was close enough to slash the tall man with his sword. Maxwell hurriedly fired, aiming for the lieutenant instead of his "enemy". The other Mexicans did not notice nor did it long matter as bayonets were ready to pierce the tal... - enough of that - pierce Crockett. Maxwell both cringed and yet was thrilled that the stories of surrender were disproved. He had just signaled the T-wave 5-second delay to go back to 2008 via his hand control when Crockett raised a rifle for the last time and fired. The target was Maxwell (had he not fired in his direction?) and Davy rarely missed. Nor did he this last time. The time traveler staggered out of the Alamo towards where his vehicle would be in 176 years.

The body in the mobile lab was a strange sight. Identification was not immediate even by his closest friends. A big smile was on the dirty, bloody face. Not just a risus sardonicus but 1 of seeming joy. Why would that be? The matter only grew stranger when the bullet inside him was revealed to be over 170 years old...



A LEISURELY DINNER CRUISE

by Michael Edward Boutot on Wednesday, April 6, 2011 at 6:41pm • 

SCENE: A wide river whose opposite bank is invisible in the gloom. This is a venue where there are usually few sounds to be heard save sighs and/or moans of surprise and regret. The key word is "usually". Jacob Stryker was never quiet in life so why expect that now? Pity poor Lyle Lackey who died at almost the same moment in an unrelated car crash.

1ST ACT: A small skiff appears out of the fog. Charon, the boatman of the Styx, silently guides it to the shore near the protagonists. He then motionlessly waits for the pair to board.

STRYKER: No gangplank? I am used to better service than this.

LACKEY: That guy creeps me out.

STRYKER: You're dead! What can scare you now?

LACKEY: Well, *you're* dead yet you are complaining about a lack of comfort.

STRYKER: Only the best for me – anywhere, any condition.

Both climb aboard. Charon of course does not deign to reply. The boat leaves the shore.

STRYKER: Where's the menu? There is chow on this trip, right?

LACKEY: Do dead people eat?

STRYKER: All that matters is the customer is always right & I am 1 of those. I expect food.

Charon continues to silently guide the boat along.

STRYKER: Great. I am going out like steerage on the Titanic. Any music at least? Do you play the fiddle or ...?

LACKEY: My IPOD did not make the trip with me so no help. Wait ... I can see the shore ahead.

Indeed they were nearly there. As the skiff touched land Charon reached out a skeletal open hand to Lackey,

Lackey: No money came along for the ride with me either.

Charon points to Lackey's left pants pocket. Lackey reaches in and retrieves a silver coin of unknown origin. He passes it on to Charon gingerly then steps off the skiff. Charon then turns to Stryker.

Stryker: Yeah, I'm sure I have 1 of those "magic" coins too but why give it to you? That's not how I

got up in the world. Must be someone better to pay off than you to get what I want here.

Stryker then moves again to disembark but Charon blocks his path.

Stryker: What's the deal?

Charon reaches beneath his robe & pulls out a large chunk of prime rib dripping with gravy/juice. He hands it to Stryker then steps aside.

Stryker: What?! You finally come across with the goods yet walk away from your tip? Need to find a new job – this 1 has blown your mind. No napkin, right?

Stryker soon catches up to Lackey. There are 2 paths ahead. One is lighted; the other dark. Both somehow know innately that the lighted 1 is for them. They are boundlessly happy that that is so when Cerberus, the 3-headed giant dog door guard of Hades, shows himself in front of the darkened path. The 2 heads they can see seem to be straining to track a smell. Stryker has finished his meal though his face and hands bear a solid remnant of the food. Charon should have given a napkin.

Lackey: Glad we aren't headed there. Was afraid of a few episodes in my past. What is that dog so interested in?

Stryker: Who knows with that mutt. Probably crazy like the boatman. Let's get on with our final rest (said mockingly).

Lackey passes forward easily within 10 feet of Cerberus. Stryker and his wonderful aroma is not so lucky. Cerberus reaches out with 1 head & grabbed Stryker. The other 2 heads quickly help to wolf him down.

Charon has been looking on but now poles off the shore. Tell me - can a skeleton smile? Maybe it's just me but I think I saw...



ARE 2 HEADS BETTER? OR THE DEVIL IS A TOUGH NEGOTIATOR

DEVIL: Closing out these final details is taking much longer than expected. You refuse to sign all the normal contract pages in blood as you fear becoming tapped out, however unlikely that is.

BALFOUR: My word is my bond. You refused to use my coin to flip for a quick double-or-nothing decision on the money side.

DEVIL: A two-headed coin, Balfour? Certainly you can't believe this is my 1st negotiation or even merely my millionth.

BALFOUR: Heads is my lucky call. I offered you my ex-wife's soul as a sweetener.

DEVIL (sighing): Not in your power to give. Even I must follow some rules.

BALFOUR: My soul is a treasure. Purple Heart winners should be worth more.

DEVIL: Those who get 1 by shooting ones self in the foot should suffer a discount.

BALFOUR: \$5 million already is a discount in this inflationary age!

DEVIL: Let's get past this. Guaranteed life to 80 is a no-go. It would upset Death if you started taking bets you could jump off the Empire State Bldg & live or similar schemes.

BALFOUR: How do I know you won't pull something to collect my soul early, then?

DEVIL: I stand by my contracts whether written or verbal. There's no need to rush as all things in the world come to me in time.

BALFOUR: So you DO do verbal?

DEVIL (loftily): With those worthy of such treatment. Why, if I could ever have gotten Daniel Webster to...

BALFOUR: The past is dead. Okay. No minimum life but we flip for an extra \$2.5 million. Done?
(Balfour shows both sides of a real coin)

DEVIL: Insist on attempting verbal? Say the whole deal for the record, then.

BALFOUR: I leave my soul to the Devil after I die in exchange for \$5 million +/- \$2.5 million. Heads I win.
(Balfour switches the two-headed coin from pocket for the real 1 carefully).

DEVIL: And so it shall be – exactly. Flip.
Balfour does so. The result is of the flip is of course heads.

BALFOUR: Yippee! (Sounds louder than before – almost like stereo. He is at 1st surprised then horrified as he sees x2 why)

DEVIL: Exactly as spoken. Heads you won along with the money – here that is. (a briefcase appears)

BALFOUR (stereo): I'm a freak! Two heads?! That wasn't the deal!

DEVIL: That's why written is safer for most. Most people speak rashly. Both heads are now hooked into your central nervous system so removing 1 will be quite difficult even with \$7.5 million. Of course if you decide it is too much to live with there is this (a gun appears in Balfour's hand). Wait, that's hardly fair to you. (another gun appears in the other hand). Better symmetry now. Ta ta.

AUDIT OF FAITH...OR FATE?

 Edit

by Michael Edward Boutot on Sunday, September 25, 2011 at 3:25pm · 

Even those not up on history may know from Mel Brooks' History of the World Part 1 that the crueler Spanish portion of the Inquisition (separate from Vatican's) was called the Auto de Fe'. Here's a little incident that touches on it a bit.

Ignacio Portez could barely believe his good fortune though a few stories to the right ears had helped bring it about. Others in his line of work might have called it divine favor but not he. They actually believed they were detecting & punishing evil. The Devil was as real as the sun to them. His participation in the auto de fe' was for retribution of injustices real (or imagined) he had suffered. To have Juan Ramiraz come into his clutches was a huge bonus Ignacio planned on enjoying.

Father Cuellar was there when Ramiraz was brought in so the fun could not begin immediately. Revenge is a dish best served cold so no matter that it must wait for a less 'feeling' overseer. After the preliminary interview there was no confession so the games were ready to begin. Father Cuellar withdrew (hadn't the stomach for this job) to be replaced by Father Santiago. Someone had to oversee the transcription of the proceedings as well as ask the obvious questions. Ramiraz's shirt was removed. It's surprising how many break even at that very preliminary stage but he did not. I can not tell you how much that pleased Portez. To be cheated of his chance at the last moment would have enraged him. Even better news came shortly after. Father Santiago was clearly bored with the steady diet of these 'interviews' and told Ignacio to 'handle this one' with just a scribe to write down the details as well as a few helpers. The game was afoot...

Ramiraz was no fool. Even Portez could not claim that. He knew what to expect from his adversary. His face expressed no fear but a twinge or 2 of apprehension crossed it. "Hoist him up", Portez told the helpers. A hook attached by rope to the ceiling was lowered. The prisoner's hand restraints were connected to the hook and he was brought up to a point where only the tips of his toes touched the ground. "On the edge of being neither in Heaven nor Hell", sneered the inquisitor, as he now had the role he dreamed of. "You may go.", Portez told the helpers. He wanted this to be private.

There really has been no mention here as to why Portez felt 'victimized' by Ramiraz. Life just had always seemed easy for his nemesis while hard for himself. He could never quite put his finger on why Ramiraz always got his way with people even when it seemed not to be favorable for others to help him. Every man, every woman bent over backwards to do his bidding. It is too bad for our inquisitor that he did not study closely why that was so. There have been such men before and since. Mesmer used his flamboyant gestures centuries later to gain his way & fame as the 1st hypnotist though he was not. Rasputin (even later) is perhaps a more apt example. Animal magnetism is the concept and

the source of power. Now that they were alone Portez was about to learn first hand what the definition of it really was.

Eye contact. So seeming innocuous yet so dangerous when the contact is with the wrong person. Portez looked deep into his enemy's eyes looking for fear. He instead saw 2 burning orbs that knifed deeply into his brain. It was almost like he had entered a dream. Portez didn't want to lower Ramiraz to the floor yet it somehow seemed like a good idea so it happened. Untying the prisoner was also not a goal yet it was performed. When Father Santiago came back to check on things, his guest inquisitor didn't want to confess to telling lies(though it was true that he had lied) about Ramiraz's 'satanic' acts to cover his own demonic preoccupations (not quite as true but still, he said it). The Father could only go by what he heard so Ramiraz was released with Portez taking his place.

As our main protagonist sat in his cell awaiting his own 'audit of faith', he still was mystified by what had happened. Just had been a bad day to go up against someone who played by a different set of rules. In Ramiraz's case, the eyes had it.





Michael Edward Boutot

23 hours ago

AXEMAN (TO CAROLE KING'S 'JAZZMAN')
HIDE ME WON'T YOU HIDE ME FROM HIS
'GUILLOTINE'
HE'S NOT NICE, SO VERY MEAN, AXEMAN

WHEN THE AXEMAN'S BLADE IS FLYING HEADLESS
MEN DO GRIEVE
WITH 1 SWING YOU ENTER PARADISE YOUR VERY
BLOOD WILL FREEZE
AIN'T NO USE IN SQUEALIN' THAT HE WON'T ABIDE
THE RESULT WILL BE FINAL HE DOES HIS WORK
WITH PRIDE

AXEMAN, WON'T YOU STAY AWAY
PLEASE, NO PAIN CEASE YOUR CHORES THERE IS A
BETTER WAY
AXEMAN, NO AXEMAN

WHEN THE AXEMAN IS ARRIVING YOUR TIME IS
RUNNING LOW...



Michael Edward Boutot

1 hr · 🌐

ALL THAT IS GOOD HAS BACON (TO:ALL OF THE GOOD 1S ARE TAKEN)

HEY, YOU NEVER COULD MAKE TOO MUCH FOR ME

SETTLIN' FOR SAUSAGE IS JUST SOME MOCKERY

BRING OUT A TON & TURN THE BURNER ON

'N' IT WILL SOON BE GONE

I SAID MORE. I'M LOOKIN' FOR A GREATER QUANTITY

WOW, I'M NEARING THE EDGE OF PURE ECSTASY

I KNOW YOU KNOW JUST HOW FAST IT GOES

I LOVE IT DOWN TO MY TOES

I SAY ALL OF THE GOOD ALL OF THE GOOD THINGS HAVE BACON

ALL THAT IS GOOD ALL THAT IS GOOD MUST HAVE BACON

IAN HUNTER ONCE BITTEN TWICE SHY



BANG

Can't really blame it, thought Blanton. Just doing its job. A strange yet accurate sentiment to have for something that may be about to kill you. This bomb was created to do one thing and, unless he could stop it, it would do so without remorse. So damn much easier 'life' is without a brain. Blanton had passed by the architect of this device (& many others) as he entered the building. Hard to profile in seconds but the man did not seem to be a good fit for this role. Maybe it was because he had killed no one up to now by always sending easily decoded warnings to the newspapers as to when and where the next 'bang' would occur as well as the nature of his grievance with the world. The 'Bang' is how the devices were always referred to in the notes. No warning came forth this time as he was caught just after planting the device. Now it was Joe Blanton's problem.....

It was only his problem because some idiot couldn't leave well enough alone. Lucky to have bumped into bomber planting the device while sneaking a break, the 'Barney Fife' rent-a-cop had then tried to just pull the device out of the corner it had been placed in. It had not yet been activated but the tugging & twisting did that job just fine. Seven minutes had been available for disarming when he arrived; now three remained. The outer shell was mostly off but that was the 'easy' part. Which wires were safe? Could the clock be disabled? From the skill shown by the maker on re-constructed past bombs, there would be no easy answer.

What had been strange is that the bomb-maker had made eye contact with Joe & even spoken to him. "Guess I am a real sinister guy, right?". A strange comment to say the least. What was even more peculiar was the intensity with which it had been said; like it had actual meaning. Blanton looked at his watch. All this musing had blown another minute. Two remained. He was going to have to guess on the wires or just get out & let it blow. Thoughts flowed: right or left? Wait...sinister means left in Latin. No...that was crazy...but what else did he have to go on? Time was up – he cut the left.

No 'Bang' this time due to a touch of conscience & a bit of knowledge...

A BETTER MASH ENDING

The Colonel & the majors have been called to a meeting in Seoul. The enlisted & nurses all seem tied up with various visitors apparently engaged in maintenance or inspection. This all leaves Hawkeye & BJ alone in the mess tent drinking coffee.

While they talk an extremely poor excuse for a priest walks in. Clearly a ramshackle disguise incapable of fooling anyone. After only a moment the doctors break out into laughter & almost simultaneously yell "Flagg!"

Flagg dumps off the rumpled cassock & twisted crucifix chain. Then "Yeah, it's your favorite laughingstock, Colonel Flagg. Wanted to bring you both right into a good mood."

BJ: "Off to a great start but should have waited for the ranking officers to be here to lend some higher praise."

Flagg: "Only here to see you two cutie pies. Thanks to you and your old pal, Burns, I have a problem. Going to fix it now."

Hawkeye: "Frank?! He who became the greatest life-saver in Korea by leaving here? What's he done now?"

Flagg: "He wrote a book about his experiences here. As a officer it had to be reviewed to ensure nothing secret came out. Seems he noticed you pinkos getting the better of me a few times and put it in print."

Hawkeye(interjecting): "More likely crayon with Frank"

Flagg: Whatever the utensil it got around. Got the book squashed & told Burns if he ever mentioned that stuff again I'd pull him a real chin out of his jaw. Still, it's cost me.. possibly my next step up."

BJ: "Not going to leave the gutter behind, are you?"

Flagg: "You know I have no sense of humor so we'll cut it here. G-2, the CIA, & others have a joint op at the white House. One of Truman's nose hairs is really a microphone. When it needs repair it happens when he goes to the dentist. 1 of us assists in planting it. It was finally my turn this last time for Truman which is also the setup to be ready for Ike to be sworn in. I want my arm up both their noses to my elbow but others are using Burns' book against me."

Neither of the other 2 can stop the laughter that began early in the above diatribe.

Flagg: "Yuck it up, comrades. As long as nothing new comes out I may be able to fix things. Burns will keep his yap shut. That leaves you 2 wiseacres." For no clear reason he pulls a bag of powder out of the inner lining of the cassock. There is writing on said bag. It says 'To China with love from Hawkeye & BJ'

BJ looks at bag incredulously as he & Hawkeye turn it over: 'At least you spelled my name right'

Flagg: "Just a bag of penicillin. A little gift for your red friends...as my report will say. No one will bat an eye with your past records. Very neat"

Hawkeye (pulls himself up & glares contemptuously): " Neat until we speak up & disprove it. We can talk, you do know that, right?"

Flagg: " Oh, I KNOW you 2 birds can talk. Right to the end you 2 will talk"

Flagg's hands seem restless inside their gloves. Gloves? Hawkeye could never remember Flagg wearing gloves. His face also seems more icy & distant than even his norm. A little spark of fear developes in the surgeon down deep. What the hell was going on?

Flagg: "The names. The finger prints - none of mine" Flagg waved his gloved hands. "Just need to make sure you jokers never talk...ever. If your characters are blown maybe Burns' stories won't count against me."

BJ sees even more clearly than Hawkeye that Flagg had gone over the edge. This would soon end badly if they didn't calm him. "Flagg, let us call Sidney Freedman. He can help you."

Flagg:(pulling a small notebook out quickly) "Ah, yes. Comrade Freedman with 2 Es. Never signed his loyalty oath. I can deal with him later. Now is reserved for you 2 reds."

Out comes the gun. Out comes the screams. Out comes the bullets. Out goes 2 lives.

Flagg has seen & done so much over the years. Even as a crowd rushes over something he had said when these two jokers had bested him in the past jumps into his head. Almost wistfully Flagg mumbles to himself: 'After tonight, every kid in America will wish he were me'



Michael Edward Boutot

July 28 · Edited

To The Irene Cara Fame
W/o hope or glee I turn on my tv
Again I want to kick at the set
Things aren't fine; USA failing the test
Mr President: here's some advice for free
Take some...blame!
Can't put it on Bush forever!
Folks catching on to the lie
WHY
can't you do any better?
Are you even going to try?
BLAME
If Putin goes on what then?
Got to get on with the game...
#OBAMA

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Martha Dusel, Eric Colin Smith and Daniel Winter like



Bobby/Red Sox 2012 to :REM Man on the Moon

The prior season had ended with strife yeah yeah yeah
yeah

Then comes Beckett & his golfing match yeah yeah
yeah yeah

Not sure what went on with you & Youkillis yeah yeah
yeah yeah

Mr Carl Crawford was quite a mess yeah yeah yeah
yeah

Not like Yaz or Carlton Fisk yeah yeah yeah yeah
No other help you can enlist yeah yeah yeah yeah

Hey Bobby we need to have more fun. Even the Orioles
are eating our lunch

Hey Bobby we now know what hell is. Oh baby, Sox are
losing so much.

Should it be believed that we'll be back up soon, back
up soon?

If instead we still will grieve, then that is really so cruel

Opponents' batters are walking – that's no good.... &
ON IT GOES



Michael Edward Boutot



March 19, 2015 · Edited · 🕒 · 🌐

They don't wanna spoil the party so raise rates they do not

To long term dangers the Fed casts a blind eye
Market soars tho good it is not.

Fed's moved the Dow to 18000 tho no 1 else has done a lot

It's long past time for logic to reign here

Logic should reign here but...

Delay the pain! Savers: we don't care about you

Delay the pain! Rates will soar soon: True!

That's true! That's true!

#YELLIN

TO:YOU'RE SO VAIN

Not a ghost of a chance

Marley was confounded. After finally getting time off (after 7 years!) from his wanderings to attempt to guide Scrooge he had had no impact. His face on the doorknocker had elicited a quick 'Humbug' and nothing more. The ringing of all the bells while the doors locked popped open by themselves also was treated with disdain. When his entering through the door also failed to elicit the proper respect he was dumb-founded. The following dialogue may be frightening but not in the way one might expect. Americanized grammar.

Marley: Why do you show no fear, Ebenezer? I appear though you know me to be dead these 7 years.

Scrooge: You are not the first spirit to visit me, Jacob, though you certainly are the noisiest. That chain about you is even longer and uglier than had been foretold to me.

Marley: (with some asperity) Yours was this long 7 Christmases ago. It must be a ponderous length now.

Scrooge: (smiling (!) wanly) It was until recently a dreadful sight but why speak of the past?

Marley: (stunned). The Past? I am part of the past and know it well! How can you know your chain's length or that it no longer exists? It is a chain we form link by link during life but never see until our demise.

Scrooge: I have done rather well since your "demise", Jacob. That combined with inheriting your assets gave me more options than you possessed.

Marley: Options? Are you mad? This is not a game or a negotiation.

Scrooge: (bluntly) There are always options. Always possibilities for shrewd bargainers who have what others want. A soul is a very valuable item which neither side wants to forfeit. So is money in this world of ultimate value.

Marley: We are talking of the next world.

Scrooge: You are only a frontline, base spirit. I have spoken to higher level folk with quotas to fill. Bob Cratchit has led an exemplary life (by what standard I fail to fathom, he whispered) according to those on high. In order to help his family and afford an operation for one of his brats he was willing to do about anything. That higher-level spirit could fill two quotas by seeing Cratchit helped and my soul "saved". (The sarcasm with which this last word was uttered was unbelievably thick)

Marley: What were the final terms of this monstrous bargain?

Scrooge: I won't boor you with exact figures but the boy gets the operation and the father gets the chain. The expense is far too high but unfair punishment that would have been meted out to me merely for being a good man of business had to be forestalled. To make the money back I will merely have to be less kind-hearted in my collections activity.

With this last comment Scrooge clearly felt the conversation had run dry. Out came his current ledger book and he began to scan it closely.

Marley could only shake his head; rattle his chains; and wish he had been the surviving partner in the firm.

1.Greek Debt pmts 2. If Jesus returned in Vegas...

[Edit](#)

by Michael Edward Boutot on Friday, August 26, 2011 at 11:20pm • 

To: Adele - Chasing Pavements

I must ask what's up

Will we ever see greek debt payments

I wish I didn't have to care

In the market it leaves a bitter taste

... If Italy follows it will bring out the bear

I'll keep my chin up

but if Europe makes no better arrangements

I gonna start to pull out my hair..

2.

If Jesus does his comeback near/in a vegas casino he better have thick skin+ a sense of humor. Likely

comments : 1. "The next time he does that resurrection schtick I'd better be comped to a better seat.

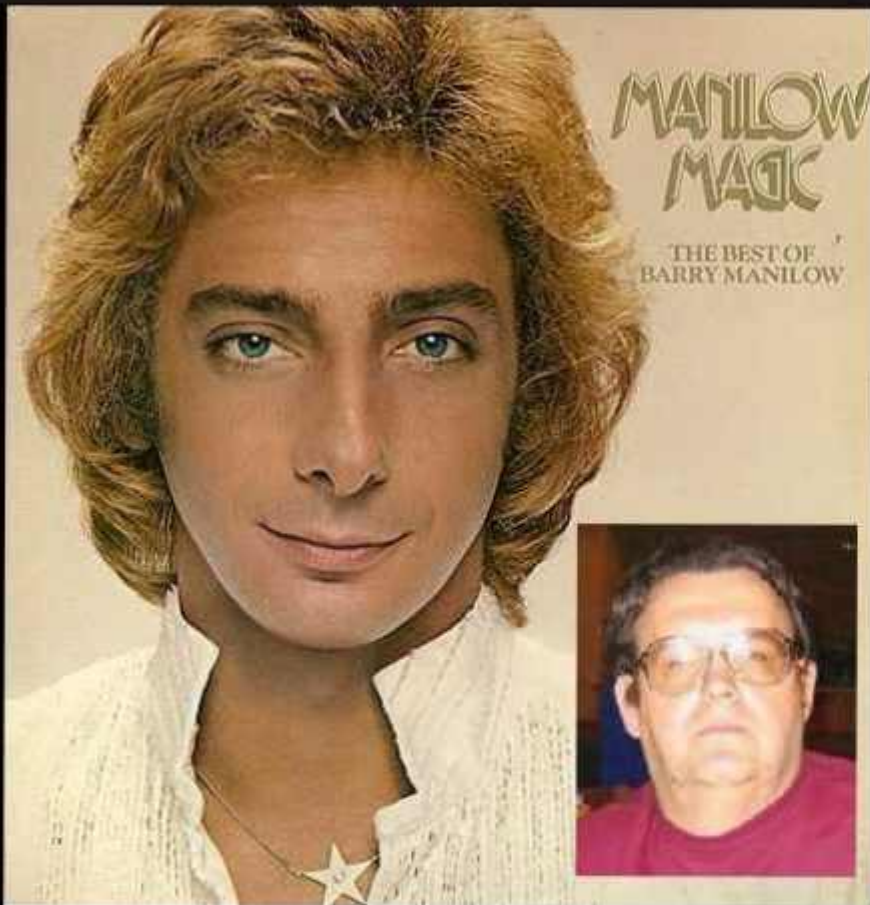
I dropped \$1k in this place today" 2. "His act has some flash but Liberace had showmanship &

panache" 3. "Yo, dude, can you come to the crap table & bless the dice so I'll roll more yos(11s)?" 4.

"Big woop. I saw Penn do that to Teller last week @ the Rio" 5. "Water into wine? That Brady 'Hail

Mary' Sunday turned my waste paper ticket into gold"

Feel free to add a few more.



KEEP ON WRITING 'EM

I'LL KEEP ON 'IMPROVING' 'EM



Michael Edward Boutot

5 hours ago · 🌐

I CHANGE THE SONGS

Most people say whatever
And will never sing along
I alter the words; been doing so forever
(Somewhat) new music
I change the songs

I change the songs that is my thing
i change the songs though no money it brings
I change the songs and many folks wonder why
I change the songs I change the songs

Ok Ricky Berger & Gary Goldblatt; start the star-making machinery behind a (n altered) popular song :) — with Ricky Berger and Gary Goldblatt.

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👍 Marie White and Robin Henckel like this.



Fred Connell Maybe you should try to submit some to Weird Al.

3 hours ago · Like · 🗨️ 1



Write a comment...

My family's view on cats has tracked with the Billy Mumy Twilight Zone Ep "It's good life". Is always "That's a good thing you did, (name of cat). It's really good you did that" even when it definitely is not...



The Lady OR the Tiger?

Maxwell seemed amazingly confident. Facing a 50/50 life or death scenario he still felt in control. His 'inside' info was the source of this feeling. This game should play out just fine, he thought. Life is so tenuous one must wonder how he could come to such a conclusion...

He had seen how the princess had looked at him as she was carried through the town by bearers. Though clearly madness, a trip to the palace to see her had followed. The suitor reached his intended but the meeting was soon not private long. That dungeon was a long way down. King Miron's 'handlers' were not gentle and the food quite atrocious. The ordeal choice would be his to face. Belief in karma causing a wrong choice was imbedded in society. His hope was that he would have an informed visitor to improve his odds. She made it down on the 3rd day. Just needed time for one direct question if at all possible...

Maxwell had managed to push her a step back after she gripped him in a firm embrace preceding a kiss. "My love," he smoothly purred, "will a lady be behind the door on the left?". The princess said yes and then started to go on with a b.. then she was interrupted by the guards and her father. They had not been close enough to hear her answer, Maxwell believed, so all was fine. Tomorrow he would walk away from this sad situation. It had been more the challenge vs the girl for him anyway. The rules were wide enough on the ordeal that any lady could be behind the 'safe' door. That is likely what the princess was about to say. As long as it was not the alternative he was sanguine about it all.

He was woken early and marched up those many flights of stairs. He did not much listen to the charges & the description of the ordeal. Maxwell didn't see the princess so she may be behind a door (doubted it). Oh, well. When it was time he strolled up to the door on the left. As per the form, guards moved in behind to push him if needed. The door opened in...

The tableau ahead froze the 'confident' man. There was a lady there for sure; one with a brood of 4 cubs that she rose quickly to protect. The expected shoves moved Maxwell in & the door slammed. His mind quickly flashed the obvious news that the princess was starting the word 'but' when interrupted. The lady AND the tiger cut off any further thought post haste...

Tumbrel: cart carrying prisoners to be guillotined: a cart used during the French Revolution to carry condemned prisoners to be executed by guillotine. |

The crowd was smaller this late but the true aficionados of death & blood still remained. Their ilk could never leave until they had seen it all. To be honest, where else did the rabble have to go? The last tumbrel of the day slowly came up to the place of execution. Usually the priest (if any & usually not as they were at risk as well) walked along side but this time he was inside the cart with the “criminal”. When birth is a crime there is little place to hide & no defense except flight. This bird never left the nest successfully. Oh well, those rich aristocrats were the source of all problems in France & elsewhere, aren’t they? Off with their heads... |

One could see little of the victim until he was let out of the tumbrel with much help from the priest. Only then did it become clear his face had suffered a savage beating. This of course lead to hoots & hollers from the onlookers. They shrieked with glee & anticipation at the next action: the priest let out a cry & stuffed a scarf in his charge’s mouth. He was heard to claim that he had been bitten. With the other man’s hands already tied, the matter quickly passed. Both men must have had a difficult night (why would they not have?) as their attire appeared quite rumpled & ill-fitting. |

Along with one of the executioner’s assistants, the padre fairly dragged the man up the stairs to where the guillotine awaited. The blood-thirsty tricoteuses and their male counterparts showed their anticipation of the day’s last execution. There would be no chance for a last speech due to the gag but then words fell on deaf ears with such an audience whenever they were offered up. Even the formal reading of the charges by an attendant was just another delay before the deliciously anticipated main act. |

After the charges, the subject of so much attention was led to Madame Guillotine. The basket was in place even before the head was locked into place. The basket was thankfully a fresh one, free of gore. A round of terrible screeches and shouts signaled the end of the basket’s cleanliness. The priest appeared to be shaking. What a fine man to feel the death so deeply...

The shaking’s source was laughter, strangely enough. The Count du Chantillon had excellent reason to be relieved if not amused. A little \$\$ in the right hands had allowed him to overcome the priest & change clothes with him. His hireling and he had beaten the father enough that the few guards they met on the way out could not recognize the switch. No one at the execution site knew the Count’s appearance. He would next appear in London. |

Madame Guillotine was not cheated of a victim; just the “correct” (as if any were correct pre-Robespierre himself) victim. The crowd was just as satisfied with the blood they saw as any other. Such are the people at the then-unknown turning points of history...

"I'm just too much of a softie". Mathew Clydet may well be alone in that opinion of himself. Others less charitable might focus on his hastiness, cruelty, & greed but then diversity of thought makes the world interesting. Our protagonist has made the above statement upon leaving the abode of Marco Legendre, grandson of the legendary Murder Legendre. A step was made there towards fixing a hasty act of cruelty (see, those others may be right). The scenario: Clydet had caught his "fiancé" (his word – she despised him) in the arms of another & impulsively garroted them both. He would now like her back. How deucedly simple...

Marco Legendre had seemed more like a business man than an occultist. Suit; business cards; secretary – the whole show. The grandson had had to move from the homeland of Haiti to New Orleans but business was still largely the same if more indirect. Apologies for the clutter in his home office flowed freely. It apparently was his busy season. "The resurrection materials are so expensive yet so potent that there is a lot of waste, I believe. This really must be looked into at some point". The \$\$ changed hands and Clydet had left shortly after this remark with written instructions for his part of the procedure. He was in for a busy night...

Clydet read as much of the instructions as he felt he needed to. The body of Maura, his late "GF", was moved to the designated above ground tomb so common in the Big Easy. The body they saw already to be there was moved who knows where by the workers Legendre had recommended. Mathew had not hung around to watch. French Quarter time too valuable to waste on watching manual labor. He did manage to drag himself away around midnight so Maura could be welcomed back with gratitude (really?) in her eyes for the save.

Legendre was already there when Clydet came by. Images; blood; a small fire (can't have authorities attracted); and a man who seemed to have no bones sitting in an impossible position greeted the client. The man was chanting and manipulating dolls & powders. "Should be any minute", said Marco as he glanced at his watch as if awaiting a car at an auto repair shop, "Can almost here rumblings inside already." There were indeed noises audible even above the man's mutterings. A bit louder than one would expect but Clydet was a novice at this. Only when Legendre appeared a bit uneasy as well did the possibility of a problem seem real. Then the tomb door swung open...

Both could relax (again: really?) as the expected appeared; Maura. She had not been "prettied up" as could not be embalmed so she still had some marks on throat. Otherwise she looked, well, alive & well. Her temper was also quite healthy. "What the hell did you do to me, Clydet?!" Despite the miasma

of unreality present he managed to turn on some charm. "Just a lovers quarrel that got out of hand, babe. It just proves how much I love you. The...". Matthew Clydet would have lathered up some more soft soap but he was distracted. Distracted? What an understatement. Behind Maura another figure was leaving the tomb. It was even less pretty; dragging one leg & generally acting like someone who had suffered a stroke. Our friend Clydet almost had a stroke of his own as he saw it was Maura's true fiancé that had died with her. How did he get in there?

The answer to the above question came quickly. Marco sighed. "So close. You see, the parents of your other "misunderstanding" came in shortly after you wanting him resurrected. It seemed like a perfect chance to experiment on that notion I mentioned earlier about there being a lot of waste in the procedure. While I was right to a point the fact he had had a stroke was unknown to me & a full dose was necessary for him. Oh well..live & learn. Can likely fix him if..". Legendre was broken out of his reverie by yet more noise from the tomb.

"You did check beneath the top slab to see if more bodies were in the tomb as the instructions said, did you not?". If there's one person not to count on having done that it's Mathew Clydet. The next body was quite skeletal as the already stretched materials could not bring back much in the way of flesh. It also was a bit in pieces with one arm holding a sword sliding along on the ground. Some pieces of tattered clothing gave the impression of a sailor. "Possibly one of Lafitte's men", opined Marco. Clydet spent a moment too long being distracted by this 3rd entry & the 1st two reached him. Despite his awkwardness, the true fiancé's arms were strong; inhumanly strong. Maura was no slouch either. Clydet looked helplessly towards Marco only to see him packing up to go. "Well, interesting experiment. Maura, will work on your friend tomorrow to fully normalize him if you keep him available in the tomb. Must fulfill my contract to his parents. Mr Clydet, I believe we are set as I have done as you wished. Happy to have serviced you". Maura's hand over his mouth as well as her friend's hands on his throat prevented any response from our lead actor.

Legendre was as good as his word to the pair on the next day. He did not know nor did he ask where Mathew Clydet was. As for the pirate...another tale perhaps.

A LEGEND WITH A LITTLE MUSTARD BEHIND IT

[Edit](#)

by Michael Edward Boutot on Thursday, May 13, 2010 at 6:22pm · 

As you'll see in this quickie, legends aren't always 100% authentic

Captain Rand knew fear for the first time. It was not for himself, his crew, or even his beloved ship. No, it was his idealistic daughter, Irene, whose fate froze his blood as the ship neared. Was it a mere optical illusion that the sea where the shadows of his vessel's sails touched seemed to reflect pure crimson? No. He knew the legend and that which it augured. What to do?

Irene also knew the legend. She in fact embraced it and longed to be the one who would release the captain and crew. An etching of the doomed ship's leader was her most prized possession. Now the devilish Dutchman's ship was sailing into the cove where Rand's ship was taking on fresh water. His first thought was to hide her below but he knew that was of no use. Neither was fighting. Rand cursed the bad fortune that she was on the boat as he transported her to continue her education abroad. She was exactly what that accursed De Ruyter needed. A woman as true and as pure could be found. He would be saved from eternal wandering but at a cost that burned Rand's soul.

The inevitable came quickly. The hellacious ship crewed by men damned to never rest pulled along side Rand's Aurora. The pale, haunted, De Ruyter grasped a speaking trumpet and prepared to call over. Irene clasped her hands to her breast in the joy of knowing her intended had come. He would be finally free after centuries of wandering. Her life would reach its zenith of fulfillment. The message she heard was a shock. "Have you any Grey Poupon?" Rand was dumb-founded. He finally found his voice and replied "I do not even know what that is, sir" De Ruyter was crushed. "Neither do I. Cursed Satan! Will my search never end? Hoist sails and turn the boat back to sea!"

Irene could not believe this. "No! I will save you!" She jumped into the sea but could not make it the Flying Dutchman's ship before it left the cove. Rand's crew recovered her. She was all wet in more ways than one ;)

Michael Edward Boutot

Friday



NORTH KOREA (TO: MARIA - WEST SIDE STORY)
NORTH KOREA!
I FRET AS TENSIONS SWIRL IN NORTH KOREA
NUCLEAR WAR'S NOT A GAME
XENOPHOBIA'S LIKELY TO BLAME
YOU SEE
NORTH KOREA
YOU'VE MISSED WITH THIS BAD IDEA
ONLY TAKE A LOOK AROUND
PLEASE NO MISSILE-FIRED SOUND
LET IT BE.



Like · Comment · Promote · Share

Marie White Peterson likes this.

One good rip deserves...

Jack is not the actual name of the main protagonist but I will not bother with the "" around the name for neatness.

Jack swooped into the side door of his practice like a soaring bat. His cape swirled about him and his top hat bobbed slightly. The problem with his busy nights is they could sometimes merge almost into his busy day schedule. Being meticulous had its costs. He still had not performed 100% of the planned routine but he had enough to move forward with right in his black bag. If Mr. Lusk had liked the partial kidney he had been sent, this section of large intestine should certainly make his day. That thought widened the already extant sinister grin on Jack's face.

Of came the cape and hat before a quick wash and shave. One must keep up appearances if one is a doctor. The effects of the nights of work in Miller's Court was swiftly covered over and cleaned. Humming and giggling came out of his mouth randomly as his joy with his success burned bright inside. The wonderful (terrible?) details of his next escapade also percolated in his mind. All of this must be put aside for now as the first client was due. A simple case of depression as far as the report said. Always can sell some fix to that type, Jack noted.

Jack read through the preliminary report his locum had filled out. So familiar. Widower who was having trouble dealing with wife's recent decent. Has lead to stomach trouble - ulcer? Her doctor had tried everything but she was too weak. Jack's early morning char woman brought in the newspaper. Had some basics of his escapades but also some more blather about a doctor's death. That was the third and all rather mysterious. "A Second Ripper" blared a headline. He shook with indignation. It was one thing to clear the streets of wanton harlots but to assault men of medicine was outrageous. So was Jack having to share the front page. He poured himself a glass of water just as the patient was ushered in.

Thomas Poquet cut an unprepossessing figure. Pale, halting in movement, one wondered if he would even make it to the proffered seat. Jack had to ask him to speak up right off. Thomas shakily sketched out his ailment along with his laments about his wife. Jack could see the former indicated ulcer while the latter was of no interest to him. Thomas really did seem to be under great strain. Even his hands expanded and contracted constantly though he seemed unaware of this. Jack mused as he sipped his water that still waters can run deep. What more was inside here? That line of thought was broken by the sound of metal hitting the floor. Thomas had dropped a number of coins. Jack sighed and helped him retrieve them. "Have to work for this fee", he all but smirked.

The visit was almost over. Jack had prescribed a bland diet with as much milk as Thomas could handle. His attempt at getting the patient to move his mind beyond his dead wife was strongly rebuffed. "Her memory will stay with me forever just as the actions of her murderers will". Murderers? This was new. Nothing in the paperwork mentioned anything but pneumonia and a bad liver. Thomas would not elaborate so it was dropped. Jack dropped it in part because his mind was growing fuzzy. Further intake of water made it worse instead of better. Thomas began to smile wanly. Jack soon came to a point where he could not move at all. He could only listen to that man speak. He could only watch as the smile grew to reach ear to ear.

"That is only the first stage, doctor. Death will soon follow. You and your fellow vermin let my wife die because we did not have enough money to make it worthwhile to sweat a bit more; try a bit harder." Thomas pounded his fist on the desk to emphasize this last point.

"I did not know what to do at first then I read of the Ripper's solution to deal with those HE felt were unworthy to live. I admire his firmness and will continue to emulate it."

Thomas may have said more but Jack was beyond hearing. Jack was also beyond grasping it ony.

Oh, Dr Watson's famous dispatch box. So many stories he tantalized us with still reside inside it if it survived WWII & beyond. This very early case mentioned near the start of 'The Musgrave Ritual' has always intrigued me. August Derleth(using Solar Pons) & others have taken their shot @ it. His view of her looks being abominable I reject out of hand. Listen to Jeremy Brett say the word & one can only think the description is of her soul. My take follows.

Note to my heirs: Most Important

Unlike most of my many chronicles of my friend over the years this work is NOT meant for publication in the near future. It is, if anything, to eventually undo the disservice I have done to the greatest man I have ever known by portraying him as a calculating machine when he was so much more.

'All emotions...were abhorrent to his cold, precise but admirably balanced mind. He was, I take it, the most perfect reasoning and observing machine that the world has seen, but as a lover he would have placed himself in a false position. He never spoke of the softer passions, save with a gibe and a sneer. They were admirable things for the observer--excellent for drawing the veil from men's motives and actions. But for the trained reasoner to admit such intrusions into his own delicate and finely adjusted temperament was to introduce a distracting factor which might throw a doubt upon all his mental results. Grit in a sensitive instrument, or a crack in one of his own high-powerlenses, would not be more disturbing than a strong emotion in a nature such as his.'

The above words flowed too easily forth from myself to paper in the story I entitled 'A Scandal in Bohemia'. How cocksure I was in the correctness of my observations of Holmes' make-up.

One can be sure even a seemingly emotionless, logical, human can feel some things so deeply he can never be truly free of their presence in his mind. This is even true of Holmes. An apparently trivial encounter brought out the story behind one of his earliest cases. Even when the matter came up in passing just before Holmes gave me the background for the Musgrave matter the unique look on his face when he mentioned Ricoletti of the clubbed foot's wife made it clear it was not her appearance that was 'abominable' but her soul. I find it hard to relate how I knew that but I did. A need to be put down the matter on paper if only for myself has caught up to me. England should at some future date know how close it came to losing its greatest detective when his career was just a-borning.

Holmes' revelation of the case came from a most obscure trigger. We were passing through a small fairground when an odor seemed to strike Holmes like a lightning bolt. He headed right for a meat pie booth in what seemed like a rage. "What is the meat in your pies, sir!!", he fairly well screamed at the proprietor.

"A few cows past their best milking with a touch of cat", came a stammered response. "a bit burnt also but..."

My friend recovered himself. "Ahh.. that combination and charcoal...it could be alright". He walked away, leaving the man mopping his brow.

"What was that all about, Holmes?"

He looked towards me but through me. "Perhaps it is about a story that I should finally unburden myself to someone about. Let me see if I finally can."

Holmes remained silent until our return to Baker Street. Once seated in his chair, however, he began. "In a moment of ill-humour I once mentioned in passing Ricoletti of the clubbed foot and his abom..., his wife. That case was never meant to be disclosed yet has never been out of my mind. It was the only time my creation of a new profession came into question. Another such occurrence might have left the career of Sherlock Holmes, consulting detective, stillborn." I briefly thought to question what could have been so momentous but could see there was no need to ask. The dam was broken...

"I was still living at Montague Street near the British Museum. Though few cases came to me I still worked at making contacts that would be of value when my talents were recognized. Shinwell Johnson was one along with an earlier group of what are now the Irregulars. The key breakthrough in forming them was when I was able to prove Higgins had been a look-out for some other urchins stealing fruit from a peddler at the time the boy was accused of breaking windows at Sir John Moore's townhouse. The latter was a much more serious offense in the eyes of the police as Higgins knew and so was grateful. Money heped things along, of course."

"As I took on the task of learning the necessary knowledge to get on with this profession, the Irregulars came right along. Without them tailing Walker day and night this detective would have been hard pressed to solve the poisoning of the wares of Vamberry, the wine merchant, after he left the firm of G. Tanqueray & Co of Pall Mall. That brought me police references and local acclaim. Perhaps it was the excitement of entering upon a new adventure that made me less than cognizant of the danger involved. If I am the perfect thinking machine you portray me as then I must

accept that was just an excuse. There must just not have been enough concern about the risk to others besides myself in me. A touch of monomania can only lead to dire circumstances."

I almost took advantage of the break in his story but, from years of past practice, did not interject myself. Some have seen fit to call this reluctance idol worship. My deference is based on simple common sense and being comfortable in my own place.

"One night in October, 1877, Higgins and Faldo, the latter a bit younger than the other, were relating some follow-up findings on the Vamberry inquiry. There was a chill in the air and I had earlier purchased meat pies for the boys from Ricoletti's cart near the museum. He was a well-known and liked figure in the area. When alone, he was seemingly always quite jovial as he slowly propelled his cart while scuffing along behind with his deformed appendage. Whenever his wife appeared it was if she struck the smile from his face and the light from his heart without even making contact with him. The locals talked behind her back but could not do so openly as they knew it would hurt Ricoletti deeply. His devotion to her puzzled all. Love is such an immaterial substance that few can grasp its essence. She often seemed to show little less than contempt for her husband. Her complaints of having to procure & prepare the ingredients were often pointed. They were a strange combination to be sure that only became more grotesque as one dug beneath the surface."

"The meat pie seller was often the subject of good-natured jibes. 'Rico, me cat's gone missing. Am I eating him now?' or 'Lot less rats in the area than a few years ago. Do we have you to thank?'. Ricoletti always put on a show of outrage but knew they were not serious. There were other less vocalized concerns about. So many children die or run away that there is little investigation when one goes missing. The two Irregulars were more in tune with the streets and mentioned to me on that night that a number of regular street children had been disappearing without a trace. You could sense an edge of fear foreign to their normal nature. Both had seen too much to be easily rattled. I asked for some particulars yet received nothing but vague concern and a few names sans details. With nothing to follow up on I deemed there was nothing yet to be done for my part. A hideous miscalculation as it turned out."

Holmes breathed deeply then continued. "Four nights later, a furious pounding was leveled upon my front door. It was Higgins in a fury of confusion and concern. 'Faldo is gone now! Will I be next?' I sought to calm him to a point where information could be culled from him. He grabbed onto my arm and I allowed him to lead me into the darkness. I asked him where & when he had last seen Faldo. He almost whispered 'Bloomsbury Square', which was quite near-by. No reply on when was forthcoming as he dragged me along. We soon reached our destination."

"Higgins then filled in some more details. 'We were just talking about the others who've vanished and then he said he heard something in the bushes right by the square. I was busy counting out change for my nights lodging as you know they don't extend credit so he got out of sight.' "

"I cut him off with a gesture of impatience. I well knew what children pushed out on the streets faced already. What needed to be focused upon was a familiar odor that wafted in the air. Rather than wait for full identification it seemed critical to follow on the scent as it was the only available potential clue. The scent lead us down Southhampton Row towards Lincoln's Inn Fields. I thought we might be headed for the docks but it cut-off before that. By the time we reached the front of the building I knew what the odor was though that only caused more confusion...and apprehension."

"There were steps down to a basement. Looked like it could once have been a bakery from the outside. Higgins now also recognized the scent. His face twisted with bewilderment along with fear. I went down to the door. It was sticky but opened to a firm tug. Whatever I expected behind the portal, the hell revealed exceeded them monstrosously. Smoke poured from & around 3 cauldrons that would have been appropriate for Macbeth's witches. Scurrying among them like a petroleuse from the French revolutions was Ricoletti's wife. She had just tossed something into 1 of them and then turned to speak to someone. It was Faldo, bound to a chair and gagged. Something about him didn't look quite right. The horrid crone herself made it clear what was amiss."

" 'Your ear is a fine addition to that portion. So young and fresh. ' Her voice was tinged with a fervor nigh onto madness. As she grabbed a carving knife & advanced on Faldo I moved to intervene. My manners made it difficult to strike any woman, no matter who evil, and Higgins was paralyzed with fear. The stand-off went on for less time than the eternity it seemed then ended dramatically. From the inside stairs smoke wafted up from a fired gun. It was Ricoletti."

" 'I never knew. I never wanted to know. How could the woman I loved make me the man who turned so many into cannibals? How can I face my customers and, though she should be damned to hell, how can I live without her? Before I could even yell 'no' to him, he turned the revolver onto himself. "

"That is the whole story, Watson. Faldo recovered and left London for places unknown. He could not live here any longer. The situation he had fallen into made me ponder seriously the use of the Irregulars and indeed the pursuit of

RICOLETTI OF THE CLUBBED FOOT'S ABOMINABLE WIFE -UNTOLD SHERLOCK

my career. For better or worse I have continued. My remembrance of that room has continued as well.”

“A horrible incident for you, Holmes,” I said, “but fortunate for all the good people of England and the world that you have soldiered on. Have you anything current to work on?” I prayed he did to get him out of this reverie.

“I have received a long note from the Dutch West Indies, Watson, about a giant rat that may be on a ship from Sumatra bound for London. There may be a story behind that.”

THERE MAY WELL BE BUT THAT IS ANOTHER UNTOLD STORY :)

Michael Edward Boutot

Red Sox Requiem: to "Rolling in the deep"

Just looked bad from the start.

Lackey would pitch & ball went out the park

Then near the end any win was so dear.

In September all made out but did they even care?

We should have won it all! Gone so very deep.

Things went not as planned. So we played it and got beat.

David Dixon's palate was salivating. He had been waiting for this meal a long time. Actually, he had been waiting for any home-cooked meal he could savor without such stringent precautions. Testing for poison just took the bloom off the rose of a meal. Getting a sample to test secretly was hard enough. Dreaming up excuses or doing prat falls to avoid eating if no test could be done or the test was positive was exhausting and undignified. He was going to enjoy this repast for many an hour. It was well earned.

Trying to pick out the worst meal of the past was a challenge. Thanksgiving 2003 stood out but by less than one would imagine. "Must admit that a hollow ladle was devilishly clever," he muttered. The gravy had already been checked so defenses were down. If not for a slight darkening and a small air bubble caused by the injection of the agent via a lever pressed by her thumb as she poured it onto his plate... Too horrible a scenario to consider.

Deanna Dixon tried time after time. No patience or imagination like David. His one try was set up by two years of careful planning and succeeded beautifully. He had feigned attempts to have her brakes malfunction. How haughty she was when she "caught" him and changed mechanics (David was hers up until then). Deanna had no depth. A regular one-trick pony – poisoned food. Her game was solely on the surface.

She loved her cat, Shadow. A nice black cat to be sure but nothing special. Deanna even allowed it to knead (she called it dancing) her with its front paws so much while sitting in her lap that blood was sometimes drawn. What could be more obvious? It took a year to make the cat immune to the poison with small amounts in its food. Once comfortable with that David merely had to coat Shadow's claws with the clear poison from time to time and then await developments. The fear and confusion on Deanna's face as she grew weaker and weaker was priceless. The poison was used in auto repair so the alibi that the cat had trod in it often while in the garage was iron-clad. She raged at him near the end but nothing could be proved. The outside world did not know of their inner struggle so her talk was written off as the despair of the dying. One week ago the matter was closed. Murder is so simple when you have the patience to work at it.

Having eaten out every night since, David was ready for home-cooking. The soup was about done. The prime rib looked succulent. The salad tossed. The dressing was all that was missing. David mixed the contents of the oil and vinegar bottles together and started to shake the container. A sudden warning flashed through his mind but was quickly rejected. It was safe to dine now. What was the chance there was nitro-glycerin in the oil container? One chance too many. Boom.

Never assume the game is done even after you run out of live opponents. Beating a dead horse or even a one-trick pony can be harder than it seems.

The questioner was tired. The same story over and over yet with slight variations. Not useable yet. There had to be something that was missed. Something special that would tie it all together; make it a sensation. He had to probe a bit before the next go-round. Fascinating yet incomplete so far. 'Writing' can be accomplished in a number of different ways without draining ones imagination.

Questioner: I see. That is all you can recall? Why did you mention the "devilish, pointed ear" this time? It was his "sneering lip" last time that you mentioned as affecting you.

Interviewee: Yes...I think. It seems so long ago. Some is clear...as clear as my hearing once was. Other parts seem as vague as the fog. What is that noise!?

Questioner: I hear nothing. Your hearing really was amazing as you tell it.

Interviewee: Horribly so. Even Hell's fury could not escape it.

Questioner: (a bit smugly) Nothing of Heaven? Surely more to listen to in the celestial spheres than Hell?

Interviewee: Possibly. Yes. I DID hear more of Heaven and this world than Hell.

Questioner: (Happy with the progress) Was the old man really so bad or did really care for him?

Interviewee: He had so much gold and would give me none. You heard nothing?

Questioner: Nothing. Did you really want his gold that badly? Was that your purpose? (Time to press along this favorable line)

Interviewee: Yes...I mean no! There was no purpose - it was the eye!

Questioner: (He actually is quivering - the eye must be it) What about the eye? What did it do to you?

Interviewee: There was a film over it. It made me shiver.

Questioner: What color was it? Did you just shiver or did you freeze up?

Interviewee: What do you mean? My blood... well, it ran cold.

Questioner: Ah, much clearer. Now - that sound. What did it sound like? Surely not a muffled horn as you have said previously?

Interviewee: It WAS muffled. Like some material covered the source of the horrible sound. Was more regular than a horn, though.

Questioner: Was it steady like a watch?

Interviewee: Yes! Like I wrapped in a fabric.

Questioner: (good enough there) Was it just in your mind or was it real? Was it from the old man?

Interviewee: My hearing was so overacute it could have been anything anywhere at first. Only as I concentrated did the familiarity of his heartbeat make itself known.

Questioner: So it WAS the heart. No doubts?

Interviewee: NONE!

The time had come to wrap up. Those parts of the story that did not ring true through the many previous tellings seemed solid now. Time to start another full recounting. He knew how to get it started.

Questioner: So you were nervous that night on top of your madness?

Interviewee: True! Nervous, very, very, dreadfully nervous I had been and am but why will you say I am mad?

In fine sequence there followed what became know as "The Tell-Tale Heart"

Edgar Allen Poe smiled. Another successful trip to the asylum. Whether it is true or fiction does not matter. It is true to him and will sell. He mused a bit further. 'Some will think it is I who am mad again like before. Those people are just like the Spanish inquisition. Say...there's the germ of another story that inmate with an *idée fixe* on Napoleon can help with. Something with a big blade, too.'

Pit and the Pendulum anyone?☺|

A Vampire in Vegas

The suite should have horrified Maurice, the in-room butler/concierge, if he could think. Holy water mixed with wine in broken glass containers all about. More than a touch of another red substance smeared about – blood. Crucifixes broken. Pictures knocked off the walls leaving holes behind. Quite a mess. A mess Maurice never would have expected in the room of such a fine eastern European nobleman like the count. Some frat boys perhaps but not such a fine man. Everything inside Maurice told him what a wonderful honor it was to serve such a man. Almost no other thought could even form in his brain. For now he could only stand stock-still and take in the scene. The activity/noise that had made him enter had ceased and now the Count seemed happy just to converse with the apparent intruder. "I am sure the Count will deal with all this", he numbly thought.

"Ah, Van Helsing-k," (that accent crackled), "you have done your family honor proud. I would have thought no one could track my movements in this new country but you have. Perhaps there is even more to learn of these modern inventions than I already have. He rather flamboyantly showed his wrist watch to the intruder."

The younger man remained silent and wiped blood from his lip. He seemed completely out of energy.

The Count continued; "Las Vegas is the perfect place for me to thrive. I do not even look out of place in the clubs there." A hollow, near maniacal, laugh followed. This one-day side trip to Phoenix yesterday was to lose what I believed was someone getting too close to the truth. Low and behold that it was a Van Helsing-k who again dared defy one who has commanded armies; lived centuries. Another fool from a family filled with nothing else!" That laugh again.

Andrew Van Helsing finally spoke. "All this racket will bring a crowd. The corridor has a security camera. The hotel will not be pleased with the destruction and will keep you up until the sun rises. The game is not over."

"Fool! You know of my powers of mesmerism and animal magnetism! This fop (pointing to Maurice) is completely under my control. He will screen off all investigation until I am long gone. The Manager has also been put under my influence sufficiently to believe my false identification papers. No delay and no trail for later. As you no doubt know I do not leave much of an impression on film so that also leads to a dead end." The emphasis on the word dead was clear. "Now it is time for me to drink to my successful venture in America. As you spilled my wine (though I rarely drink that) I will haf (accent rising) to find a substitute." Out came the canines...

Van Helsing thought furiously. He knew he might have 1 small chance if the Count had made a small error. "What other technology could someone as desiccated as yourself have mastered?"

The Count glanced his watch. "There is still a full hour before the sun rises here as the television and newspapers have informed me. Technology works for all. My coffin awaits and will again be my resting place in plenty of time. I am afraid a small hole in the desert dug by this non-entity and another under my influence shall be your quite final destination." He leaned forward towards Van Helsing; fangs fully bared. That fetid breath of the grave along with the normal miasma surrounding the Count was like a physical blow.

Andrew managed to speak. "Your breath is strong, Count, but I have 2 strong allies myself. The first is Giorgio, owner of a nearby pizza parlor." With that he exhaled a blast of garlic-filled breath that would have buckled many a knee. The Count shrank back in disgust. "He believes in the Italian motto that the more garlic, the better." Smirked Van Helsing.

"A temporary victory at best!" roared the Count. "This fool can grab you and drown you with mouthwash until that foul stuff is gone. I will still drink your life away! You had best produce this second strong ally now." The smile of the wolf was on the lips as he pointed his slave to the task.

Before Maurice could shamle over Andrew leapt to the sliding window. "My other ally is the stubborn government of Arizona which does not believe in Daylight Savings time. Your Las Vegas-set watch is 1 hour slow here." Down came the drapes...

A scream and it was over. A pile of dust is all that remained. Maurice came out of his trance...and then he screamed "Who's going to pay for this room!"

Whack.

"Guess he failed his saving throw versus axe," smirked Jeff. Gordon Gygax was clearly dead so Jeff moved to smashing his Ipod and the radio-like device in his pocket. Jeff was always thorough if nothing else....

"That's the last time you will kill my character off, Mr. DM," he continued. "My detect evil spell should have detected that the door was a trapper in disguise. Bogus, dude. Cheated me again just like when you had Asmodeus himself cut me down just because I killed 1 bone devil." Jeff stopped speaking but mentally reviewed all 22 deaths inflicted on him by Gordon over the past few years. Each 1 still burned deep. The 1 thing they both had in common was they took the game very seriously. Dead seriously.

Gordon's seriousness had made things easy for Jeff tonight. The former has actually asked him over for some 1-on-1 vs group gaming as well as to talk yet more about the special addition to his house. Jeff's request to bring the axe he had "found" in the junkyard for atmosphere was actually welcomed. Once Gordon had bent down behind his DM screen and announced after the die roll – as per normal – "I have some good news and bad news", Jeff has reached for the axe with his gloved hands as he knew what was coming. Barely had he received notice of death 22 before had he inflicted the first & final death on Gordon.

That addition. Gygax has always blathered on how it was to be his own private dungeon. That it was an addition to the D&D experience. Even tonight he had said some tantalizing details would be given to wet Jeff's appetite for the real first entry into the room with the group next week. Strange looking addition from the outside many had noted. At least 10 foot excavation has been made yet roof still lower than rest of house. Crazy old Gygax, most thought. They didn't know the game.

Jeff's curiosity about the room was too strong. He had to see it before he left to establish his alibi. He opened the door by smashing the doorknob off with the axe. "Taking no chance of trappers this time," he said frankly. Door opened in. Simple 15' by 15' room appeared. Completely dark and could not see a light switch. "Wonder what he was going to do if I had the cleric cast a 'Light' spell," mused Jeff. From the light of the hall he was entering from he could see what appeared to be a chest against the far wall. "Treasure!" blurted Jeff. The game had trained him so well. He took a long stride into the room and into a nightmare. But for such as he & Gordon was it not truly THE dream?

Jeff sank down into the floor above his waist immediately. A wild grab at the wall for a handhold encountered only paper. The paper ripped off the wall into his hand. As he sank deeper a slight illumination dawned in the ceiling. It was designed to look like phosphorescent lichen. Even in this predicament Jeff's 1st thought was "Good job, DM". Up to the neck now in what he could now see to be kid's slime he could read the paper. Apparently it was the DM's notes.

1. Be sure to tell them to wear old clothes. Pay for the cleaning if they squawk.
2. Test the hydraulic lifter to make sure can push them up safely if need be

He stooped reading. Lifter? Where was the control? Up to lip now. Then it hit him. That radio-like control he smashed without thinking. No point yelling as no 1 lived close. As the slime passed his eyes his last thought was true to the game. "Hope my constitution high enough to make the resurrection system shock roll."

LONG LIVE EC COMICS!



Michael Edward Boutot

WILSON (TO WE DIDN'T START THE FIRE BY B JOEL)

Mr Goldman, Lunch tray, Sue Fine-a (:)), Ken Garulay
Cheer terrific, Shrier 'trivial', Piccolo's on the go

Beat Kennedy, Julie Elman, Hunsaker, Slavet games fun
Career idea?, Mr Lane'd cya, 'Rowdy' d'Antonio

Carol Burns, R-Hudson, game day, Fairway-now gone
Trains of Rylko, No free bread-sigh, and Elevator pass-a lie

McKenna glower, Cemach seen, Champney turns Marcy green
DDS-no go, Tina Bruni, In '75 I said goodbye

Our love of Wilson won't expire
Along with the learning
came some fun & maturing
Our love of Wilson won't expire
The staff made our mind fit
whether or not we liked it ;)

some further info below...

A CHRISTMAS VIEW

A better place of concealment did not exist. Through only a barely-detectable crack of the coat closet door, the key area of the room was in full view. No flame still existed in the fireplace (a must!) while the tree lights burned brightly. The nearby end table held a glass of milk as well as cookies. All others had retired an hour ago. Anticipation grew & grew as the long-laid plan rolled on relentlessly...

Many noises one would not normally hear or be conscious of now stood out. Was the cat always that noisy while washing? Did tree limbs normally rustle against the roof of the house? Two hours into the vigil one had to ask these questions, especially the latter 1. It was nearly midnight & something else might be touching the roof. Another noise came to pass. It was not from within the field of view the hider had. Who/what could it be?

Two figures meandered into view. The larger one carried a stack of wrapped boxes to the tree & placed them under. The other advanced on the stockings hung by the fireplace with small items in hand. After they emptied their hands, they each had a cookie + a swig of milk. With some quiet laughter the two headed off in the direction of the stairs that lead up to the bedrooms.

The onlooker was puzzled. He had thought he would be upset if he did not see a strange man come down the chimney & distribute presents but he was not. It then occurred to him that it was much better to have 2 people onlived with all the time show him how much he was loved. Without even a move towards a box to shake it he crept upstairs to await the glorious morning.

MERRY XMAS/HAPPY HOLIDAYS!!



YOU GOTTA LIE TO GET BY - TO TUNE OF LIVE & LET DIE

 Edit

by Michael Edward Boutot on Friday, March 4, 2011 at 4:19pm • 

Hardly as safe or as masterful as the finally posted Sherlock piece of last wk but who can control what formulates in 1's head? ;)

You walk in with a dazed and disgusted look

They always take. You always give (Oh yes you give oh yes you give oh yes you give)

Son, in this wild & crazy world ruled by wo-men on this you must rely: You gotta lie to get by.

Lie, lie. You gotta lie, lie. Lie to get by, by. You gotta lie, lie.

When she does wrong: you did it

If she gains weight , well you can't tell....oh....don't you ever te-e-e-e-l-l-l!